

# FABLES

WILLINGHAM • BUCKINGHAM • LEIALOHA • McMANUS 110



**VERTIGO**

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suggested for  
mature readers  
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IN THE PAN OZIAN EMPIRE...

GOOD RUN!  
GOOD CHASE!

OTHER WINGED MONKEYS TOO HARD TO CATCH!

MAKE IT QUICK!  
ONE BIG END-IT-ALL-AT-ONCE BITE, OKAY?

# ALLIES

WHY YOU DON'T HAVE NO WINGS?

THE UNIVERSE DOESN'T WANT MAMA'S LITTLE MONKEY TO SUFFER!

BELIEVE ME, I CHECKED. THERE'S EVEN AN OFFICIAL MEMO TO THAT EFFECT. I WOULDN'T LIE ABOUT OFFICIAL MEMOS.

## CHAPTER THREE OF *Inherit the Wind*

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HEY, YOU BIG UGLY THING!  
LINHAND MY BUFKIN THIS INSTANT!



GET YOUR PAWS OFF HIM, YOU DAMNED DIRTY BEAST!



YOU SOUND LIKE LITTLE BIRD CHIRP.

PRETTY BIRD CHIRP GIRL.



OH, GOOD.

THERE YOU ARE.

I THOUGHT WE'D LOST YOU.



YOU SHOULDN'T RUN AWAY NO MORE TIMES. WE'RE NOT GOING TO EAT YOU.

I ONLY EVER ATE *ONE* MONKEY IN MY ENTIRE LIFE, AND THEN ONLY BECAUSE THEY WOULDN'T GIVE ME ANYTHING ELSE FOR YEARS AND YEARS OF CAPTIVITY.



OUT OF THE TOOTHY FRYING PAN, INTO THE FISTY FIRE!

WELL, ONE MONKEY AND SIX ANTS, TO BE PRECISE. THE POINT IS, I'VE NO TASTE FOR MONKEYS NOW.

I PREFER ORANGE MARMALADE ON FLAKY, FRESH BAKED CRESCENT ROLLS. YES, I SURELY DO.



AND PEOPLE.

WAIT FOR ME!

BOY OH BOY DO I STILL HAVE A TASTE FOR PEOPLE.



NOT YOU, THOUGH. TOO SMALL. THIN, STRINGY MEAT.

BIG FATTIES ARE MORE BETTER TO MY PALATE!

THAT'S A RELIEF.

THE NEW EMPEROR FED ME LOTS OF PEOPLE, BECAUSE HE HAD MANY ENEMIES TO GO AWAY OF.



"YOOP," HE'D SAY TO ME, "THE SECRET OF A STABLE EMPIRE IS TO TURN ALL OF YOUR ENEMIES INTO WASTE PRODUCT AS QUICKLY AND OFTEN AS THEY SPRING UP."

YOOP POOP!

A DAY OR SO LATER...

mumble...  
mumble...burble...  
murble...mumble...  
bubble.

DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH, CHILDREN.

YOU DON'T NEED TO.

THE TRICK IS TO REMEMBER WHO AND WHAT YOU ARE.

IF YOU'RE MADE OF AIR, YOU HARDLY NEED TO WORRY ABOUT RUNNING OUT OF AIR, DO YOU?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS...

WHY NOT? IT'S SO COOL!

WE HAVE MORE SUPER POWERS THAN RANGER MIKE DANGER!







MORE TO THE POINT, AS THE THREE OTHER CARDINAL WINDS, WE'RE BEST SUITED TO SUSS OUT WHO MIGHT BE THE MOST FIT TO RULE THE NORTH.

ASSUMING ONE OF THEM PROVES SUITABLE AT ALL. BEST TO LET US DETERMINE THAT AS WELL.



SINCE THERE ARE SIX OF THEM, TWO PER HOUSEHOLD SEEMS APPROPRIATE.

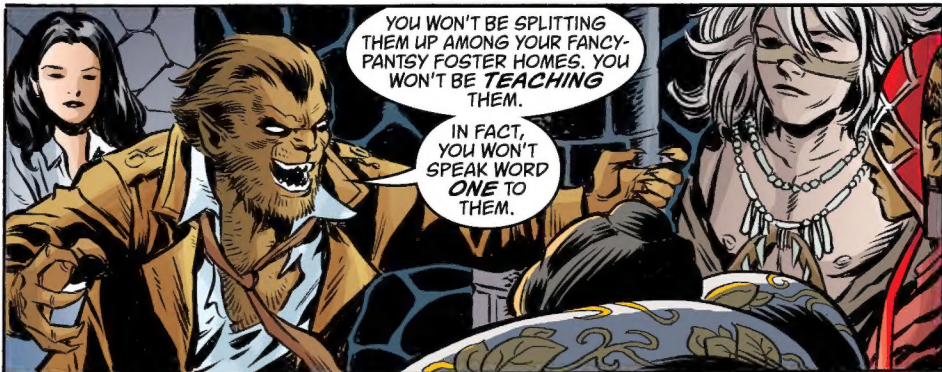


I DON'T THINK SO.



NO ONE IS PUTTING A HAND ON ANY OF MY CUBS WITHOUT MY PERMISSION.

AND WHERE EACH OF YOU IS CONCERNED, PERMISSION IS PERMANENTLY DENIED.



YOU WON'T BE SPLITTING THEM UP AMONG YOUR FANCY-PANTSY FOSTER HOMES. YOU WON'T BE TEACHING THEM.

IN FACT, YOU WON'T SPEAK WORD ONE TO THEM.



WHO IS THIS MONGREL CREATURE TO MAKE DEMANDS OF US?

I'M **BIGBY WOLF**, SON OF THE NORTH WIND. MORE TO THE POINT, I'M THE MAN WHO **BEAT** MY FATHER IN SINGLE COMBAT.



TECHNICALLY CORRECT, I SUPPOSE.



NOW, BACK OFF, SHUT UP, AND **BEHAVE** YOURSELVES.

YOU'RE **GUESTS** IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE-- **MY** HOUSE NOW-- AND YOU'D BETTER START ACTING LIKE IT.



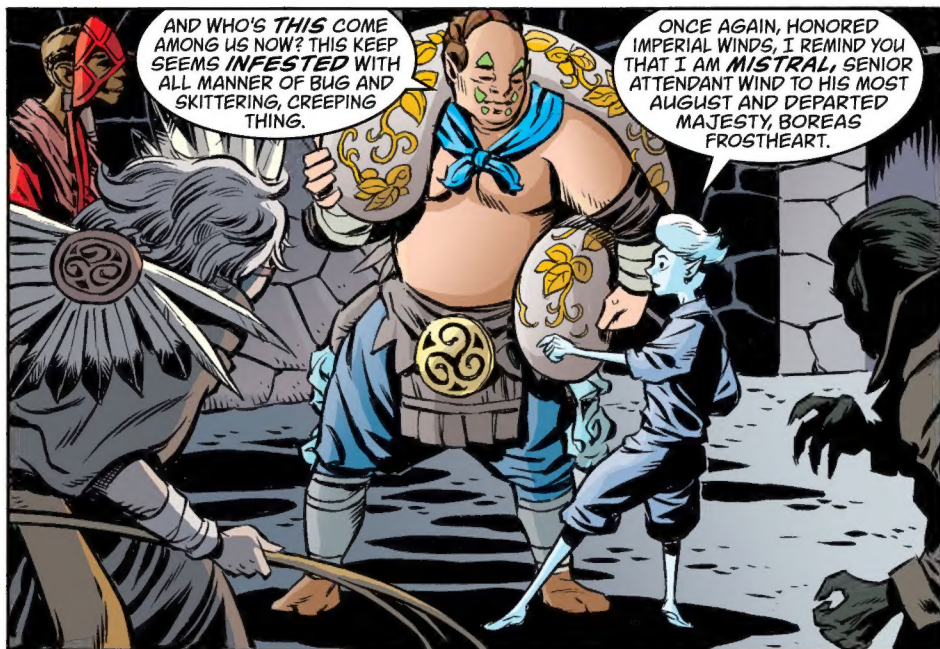
OR THIS BECOMES RIGHT-THE-FUCK-NOW A **BLOOD** MATTER-- OF THE SPILLED VARIETY.



HOLD ON! HOLD ON!

NO NEED FOR **VIOLENCE!**





AND WHO'S *THIS* COME AMONG US NOW? THIS KEEP SEEMS *INFESTED* WITH ALL MANNER OF BUG AND SKITTERING, CREEPING THING.

ONCE AGAIN, HONORED IMPERIAL WINDS, I REMIND YOU THAT I AM *MISTRAL*, SENIOR ATTENDANT WIND TO HIS MOST AUGUST AND DEPARTED MAJESTY, BOREAS FROSTHEART.



THE DEVOURING ONE.

THE HOWLER IN THE CRAGS.

MIGHTY KING OF THE NORTH.



THE APOSTATE, YOU MEAN. THE SURLY LONER, WHO *NEVER* ATTENDED OUR IMPERIAL CONCLAVES FOR ALL OF HIS WILD DAYS.

IF YOU ARE TRULY HIS CHIEF ATTENDANT, HOW *DARE* YOU APPEAR BEFORE US IN SUCH A DISREPUTABLE GUISE?

I INSIST YOU ADOPT A MORE COURTLY FORM AT ONCE.



OF COURSE, HONORED ONES. MY FORMER MASTER *LIKED* US LOWLY AND HUMBLE, BUT YOUR SERENITY AND COMFORT IS OUR HIGHEST PRIORITY.

NOW, IF WE *COULD* RETIRE TO THE FINE *DINNER* WE'VE PREPARED, WE *COULD* ADDRESS EVERYONE'S DESIRES AND EXPECTATIONS IN A LESS CONFRONTATIONAL MANNER.



I DON'T WANT TO BE EMPEROR ROQUAT'S OFFICIAL PEOPLE-EATER ANY LONGER.

NO ONE LIKED ME IN THE OLD DAYS.

AND STARVING IN PRISON FOR YEARS AND YEARS WAS NO FUN.



BUT I HAD NO IDEA HOW MUCH A FELLOW CAN BE HATED, UNTIL ROQUAT FREED ME TO JOIN HIS ADMINISTRATION.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT PEOPLE REALLY, REALLY HATE? WHEN YOU EAT THEIR HUSBAND, OR WIFE, OR SON, OR DAUGHTER.



IMAGINE THAT.

WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT?



AND NOT ONLY THAT, THE NOME KING CONDEMNS A WHOLE LOT OF PEOPLE EVERY SINGLE DAY.

HUNDREDS!



IT'S LIKE HIS FAVORITE THING EVER.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I CAN'T KEEP UP.



I CAN'T EAT THAT MUCH.

I DON'T LIKE FEELING FAT AND BLOATED ALL THE TIME.

I SEE.



SO, INSTEAD OF WORKING FOR THE NOME KING, YOU WANT TO...



JOIN THE REVOLUTION!

WE WANT TO BE ON YOUR SIDE AND **STOMP** ROQUAT AND HIS SNOOTY-POOTY OFFICERS, WHO ALWAYS MAKE JOKES AND RUDE COMMENTS ABOUT ME!



AND MAKE US SLEEP IN CAGES OFF-DUTY.

CAGES FULL OF POOP!



SO MAYBE I'LL JUST EAT **HIM** ONE TIME AND SEE HOW HE LIKES IT.

ALWAYS GOOD TO GET SOME ROUGHAGE IN YOUR DIET, I'M TOLD.

MAKE **HIM** INTO YOOP POOP!



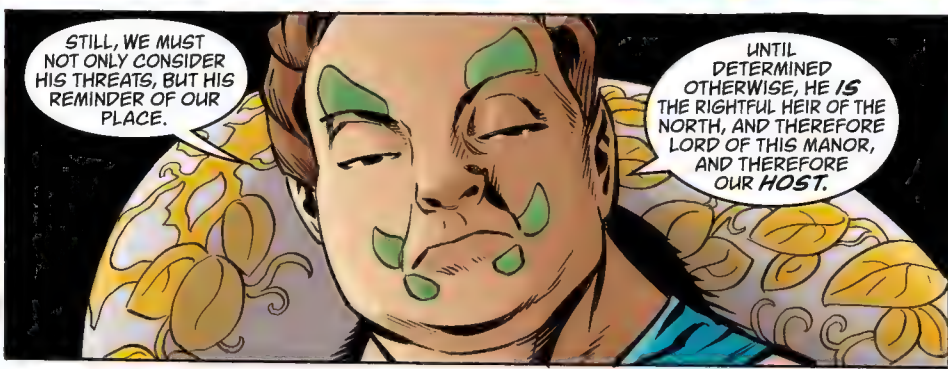
BACK IN THE LANDS OF THE NORTH...

I SUSPECT THERE IS MOSTLY BLUFF AND BLUSTER BEHIND THE WOLF LORD'S THREATS.



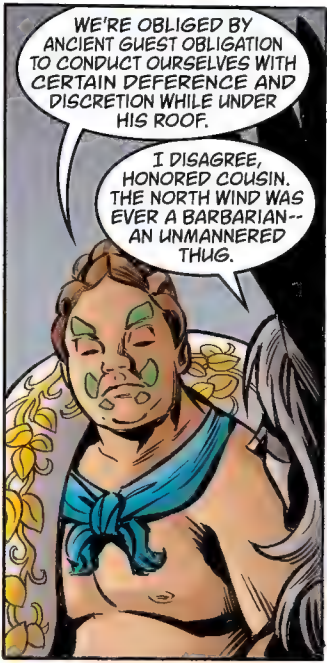
I'VE DEALT WITH HIS KIND OFTEN IN THE LANDS OF THE WEST.

WOLVES CAN BE AS CUNNING AS COYOTE HIMSELF WHEN PRESSED.



STILL, WE MUST NOT ONLY CONSIDER HIS THREATS, BUT HIS REMINDER OF OUR PLACE.

UNTIL DETERMINED OTHERWISE, HE IS THE RIGHTFUL HEIR OF THE NORTH, AND THEREFORE LORD OF THIS MANOR, AND THEREFORE OUR HOST.



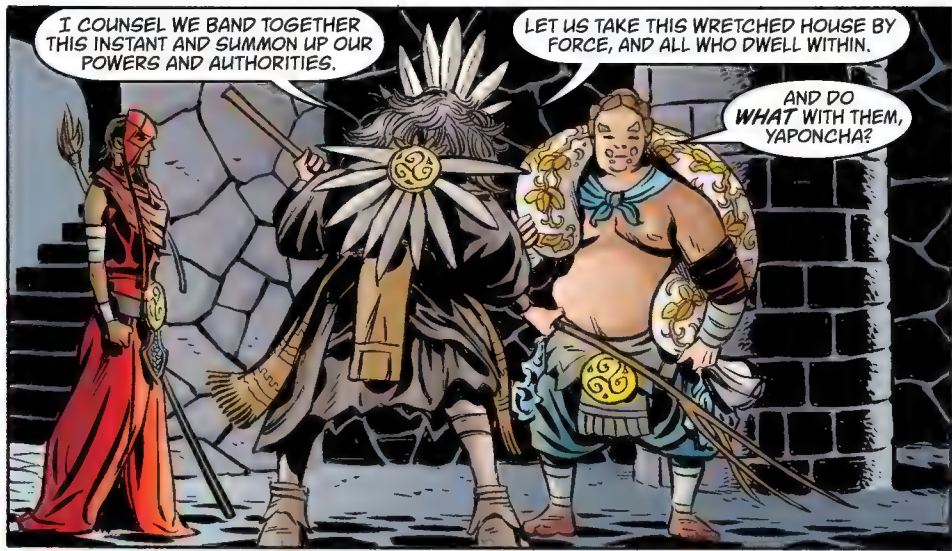
WE'RE OBLIGED BY ANCIENT GUEST OBLIGATION TO CONDUCT OURSELVES WITH CERTAIN DEFERENCE AND DISCRETION WHILE UNDER HIS ROOF.

I DISAGREE, HONORED COUSIN. THE NORTH WIND WAS EVER A BARBARIAN-- AN UNMANNERED THUG.



HE CANNOT IGNORE ALL CIVILITY THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE, BUT EXPECT US TO OBSERVE CIVILIZED COURTESIES IN RETURN.

AND IF HIS RIGHTS TO GUEST COURTESIES ARE NULLIFIED, THEN HIS BEAST OF A SON CAN'T EXPECT TO RESURRECT THEM. ONCE GONE, THEY'RE GONE FOREVER.



I COUNSEL WE BAND TOGETHER THIS INSTANT AND SUMMON UP OUR POWERS AND AUTHORITIES.

LET US TAKE THIS WRETCHED HOUSE BY FORCE, AND ALL WHO DWELL WITHIN.

AND DO WHAT WITH THEM, YAPONCHA?



KILL THEM. END THEM. WIPE THEM OUT UNTO THE **SMALLEST CHILD**.

THE NORTH WIND IS DEAD. LET ALL OF HIS TAIN UPON THE WORLDS DIE WITH HIM. THEN WE CAN CONSTRUCT THE **NEW NORTH WIND** FROM PURE MATERIALS.



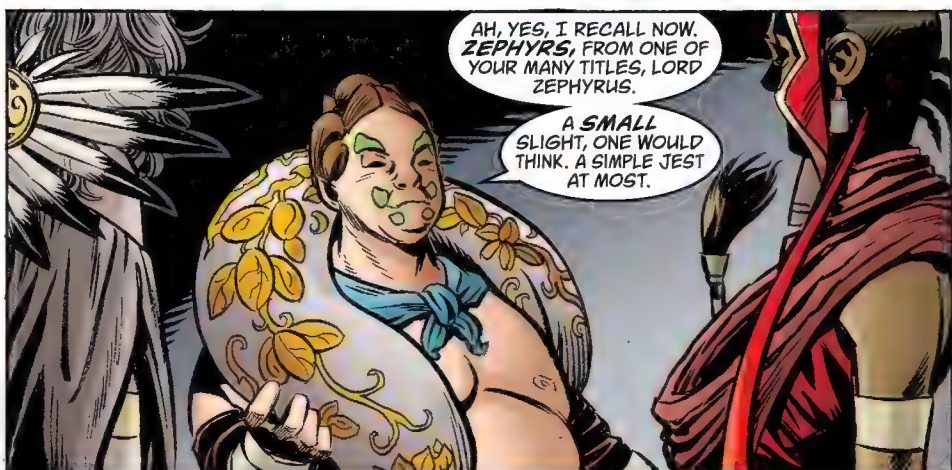
I WONDER, DEAR YAPONCHA, IF YOUR OPINION ISN'T COLORED BY PAST RESENTMENTS.

WHILE HE'S NEVER BEEN OUR FRIEND AT COURT, YOU'VE HAD A PERSONAL ENMITY WITH THE NORTH.



THERE WAS A **FALLING OUT**, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN.

HE **INSULTED** THE ANCIENT AND VENERABLE HOUSE OF THE WEST. HE NAMED **DEFORMED WINDS** AFTER ME.



AH, YES, I RECALL NOW. **ZEPHYRS**, FROM ONE OF YOUR MANY TITLES, LORD ZEPHYRUS.

A **SMALL** SLIGHT, ONE WOULD THINK. A SIMPLE JEST AT MOST.



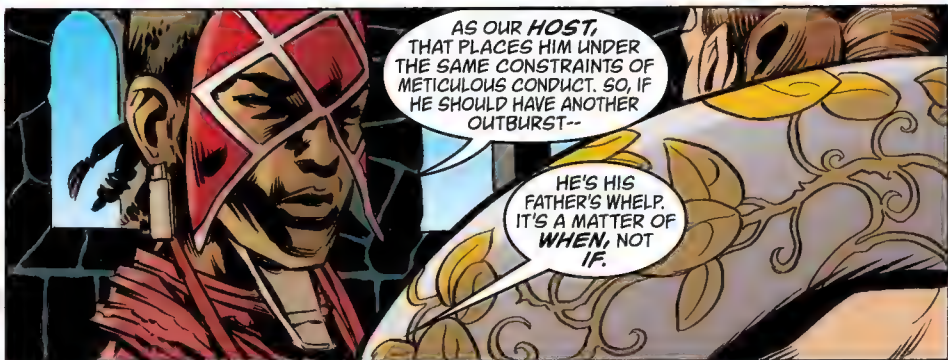
WITH RESPECT, FEI LIAN, EURUS, DRAGON OF THE EAST, THE SIMPLICITY OR ENORMITY OF HIS INSULT ISN'T FOR YOU TO DECIDE, SINCE YOU WERE NOT ITS TARGET.

TRUE, BUT--



HERE IS WHAT I PROPOSE, COUSINS.

WE WILL CONDUCT OURSELVES AS PROPER GUESTS, CHASTENED BY BIGBY WOLF'S COMMANDS, AS IF THEY WERE LAWFUL AND CORRECT.



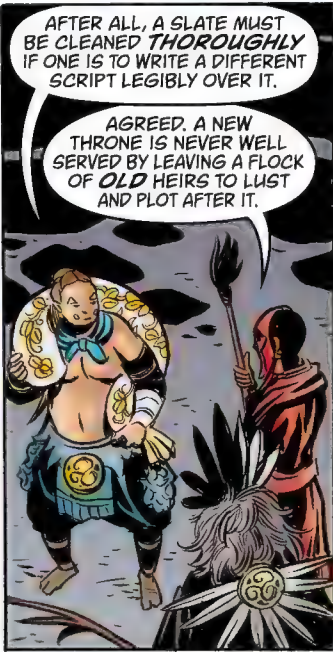
AS OUR HOST, THAT PLACES HIM UNDER THE SAME CONSTRAINTS OF METICULOUS CONDUCT. SO, IF HE SHOULD HAVE ANOTHER OUTBURST--

HE'S HIS FATHER'S WHELP. IT'S A MATTER OF WHEN, NOT IF.



WHEN HE HAS ANOTHER OUTBURST, WE'LL BE FULLY JUSTIFIED IN STEPPING IN WITH FORCE AND AUTHORITY.

IF THAT MUST OCCUR, THEN WE MUST GIRD OURSELVES NOT ONLY TO KILL THE WOLF CLAN ENTIRE, BUT ALL OF THEIR ATTENDANT WINDS AS WELL.



AFTER ALL, A SLATE MUST BE CLEANED THOROUGHLY IF ONE IS TO WRITE A DIFFERENT SCRIPT LEGIBLY OVER IT.

AGREED. A NEW THRONE IS NEVER WELL SERVED BY LEAVING A FLOCK OF OLD HEIRS TO LUST AND PLOT AFTER IT.

SIX DAYS LATER...

YOUR PROGRESS CONTINUES TO BE REMARKABLE, MISS DUGLAS. IF ANYONE ELSE WERE HERE, I'D **REMARK** ON IT.

NOTHING LIKE A LIFETIME CAULDRON OF HATE TO INSPIRE ME.

WELL, TODAY WE PUT AWAY FENCING FOILS AND MOVE ON TO USING **REAL** BLADES, WITH SHARP POINTS AND EDGES.

WE WON'T ALWAYS FENCE TO FIRST BLOOD, BUT TAKING A CUT WILL ALWAYS BE A **POSSIBILITY** FROM NOW ON.

IF WE'RE GOING TO FIGHT WITH REAL SWORDS, MR. HOLT, WHY AREN'T YOU USING THIS ONE?

THE ONE YOU ALWAYS WEAR **OUTSIDE** OF OUR TRAINING SESSIONS?

BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO FACE THE **EASTERMARK** BLADE. NOT **YET**. MAYBE NOT EVER.

IT'S TOO POWERFUL, ALWAYS **HUNGERS** FOR THE KILL, AND I'M NOT SURE I COULD PREVENT IT FROM TAKING YOUR LIFE, EVEN IN A FRIENDLY MATCH.

AND SEVEN DAYS AFTER THAT...

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING ONE TIMES? CAN YOU HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ONE TIMES, MR. BUMPKIN?

NOT TOO WELL, EVEN THOUGH MY EARS ARE PRETTY ACUTE.

BUT YOU CAN'T FIT IN THERE AND EVER SINCE THE BIG QUAKE IN THE BUSINESS OFFICE, I DON'T LIKE CAVES-- SO WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TRUST THAT THE TALKS ARE GOING WELL.

YES, YOUR EARS ARE PRETTY AND CUTE, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHTA NOT BOAST.

IT'S TRUE I'M **NO FRIEND** TO THE SO-CALLED NEW EMPEROR OF OZ, AND I HAVE FIFTY THOUSAND NOME TROOPS AT MY COMMAND.

BUT WHY SHOULD I LET YOU HAVE USE OF THEM?

BECAUSE YOUR ENEMY IS OUR ENEMY, GENERAL BLUG.

AND THAT'S ALMOST THE SAME AS BEING FRIENDS.

HOOEY!

I CAN SETTLE MY OWN ACCOUNTS WITH ROQUAT THE REDUNDANT--IN TIME, AND IT DOESN'T INVOLVE DOING YOUR DIGGING FOR YOU.

OR AT LEAST ALLIES.





BUT WE NEED **BIG** DIGGING DONE, AND ONLY TRUE NOMES CAN DO IT UNDER THE NOME KING'S NOSE.

THINK OF IT AS A CHALLENGE.



OR THINK OF IT AS A WAY TO GET OUR HANDS ON THE BEST MAGICAL STUFF EVER!

DOESN'T SOUND LIKE IT'S GOING WELL.



TOO MANY FOLKS ARE ALREADY FINDING OUT ABOUT OUR TINY, ALMOST **NONEXISTENT** REVOLUTION.

WE'LL NEED TO ARM UP AND MOVE FAST, IF WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ANY CHANCE AT ALL.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, MR. YOOP..



...HOW DID YOU LEARN ABOUT US?

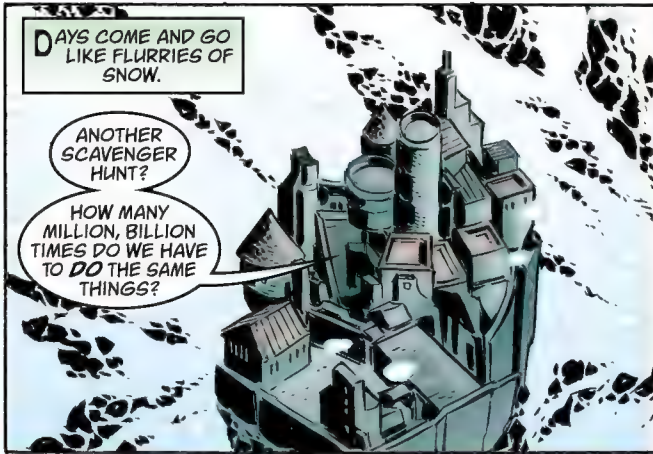
THE WEE SPARKLY FELLER IN THE **DRESS** TOLD YOOP TO GO FIND YOU.



HUH? SPARKLY WASSITS?

WAIT! YOU DON'T MEAN--!





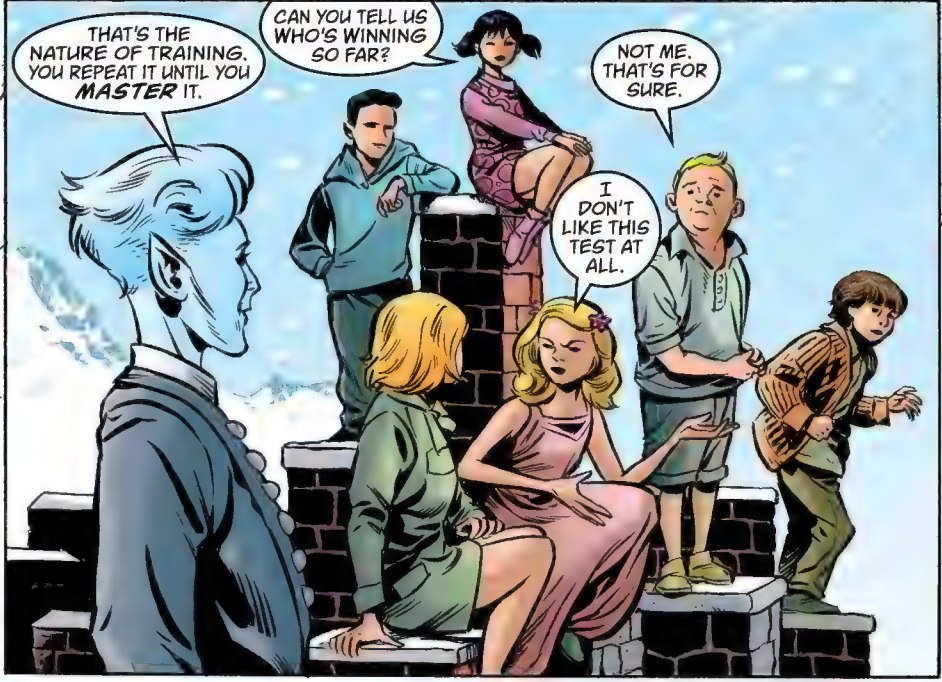
DAYS COME AND GO LIKE FLURRIES OF SNOW.

ANOTHER SCAVENGER HUNT?

HOW MANY MILLION, BILLION TIMES DO WE HAVE TO DO THE SAME THINGS?



EVERY DAY, UNTIL YOU GET BETTER AT IT.



THAT'S THE NATURE OF TRAINING. YOU REPEAT IT UNTIL YOU MASTER IT.

CAN YOU TELL US WHO'S WINNING SO FAR?

NOT ME. THAT'S FOR SURE.

I DON'T LIKE THIS TEST AT ALL.



YOU DON'T NEED TO LIKE IT. YOU JUST NEED TO DO IT.

SEE YOU SOON. AND TAKE CARE.



I'M GETTING TO LIKE YOU LITTLE MONSTERS AND DON'T WANT TO LOSE ANY OF YOU.

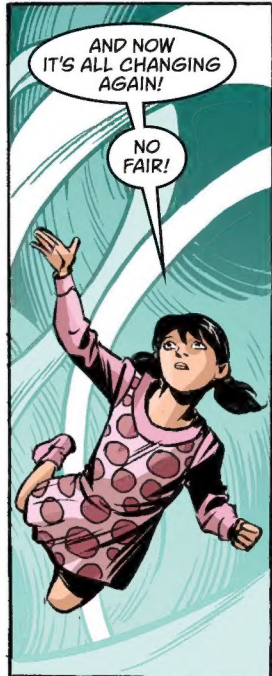


MINUTES TURN TO HOURS AND...

THIS DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT.



I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING THAT LOOKED LIKE *THIS* PLACE ON THE OTHER TRIPS.



AND NOW IT'S ALL CHANGING AGAIN!

NO FAIR!



OH NO!

IT'S TOO FAST!



TOO MANY PLACES!





WHERE--?

I  
THINK I'M  
LOST!



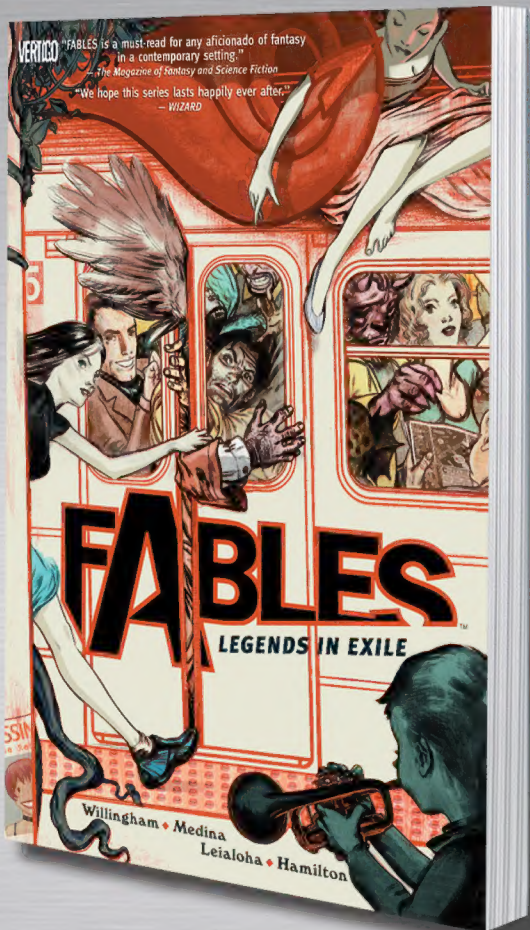
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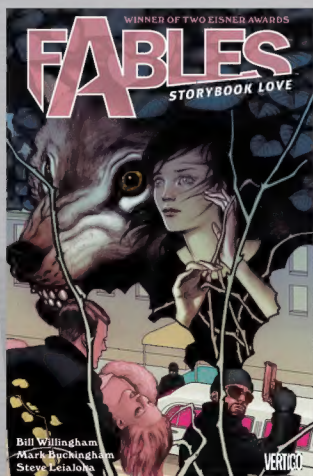
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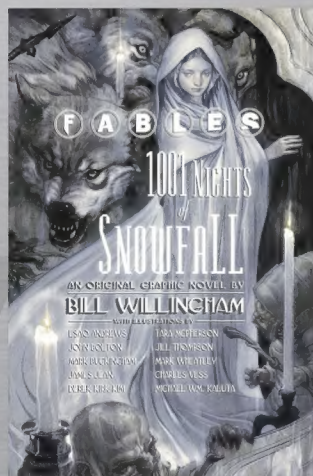
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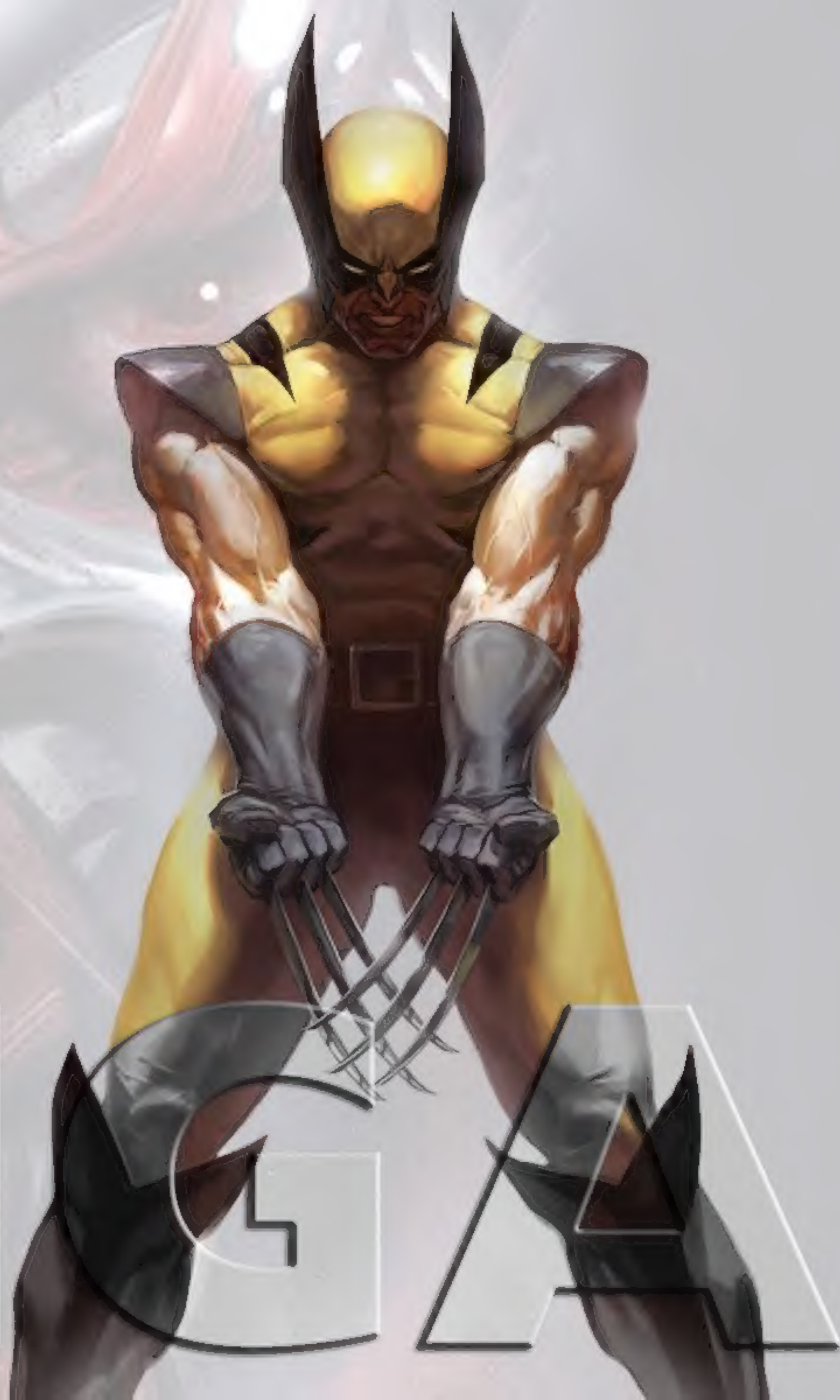


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1001 NIGHTS OF SNOWFALL



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